



Stenbrough Oneshots

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Stenbrough Oneshots by HammCheddr

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Summary:

Just some Stan/Bill oneshots !!! Requests are currently open
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! -now updates every weekend!!!! (sometimes during
the week depending on how I feel)-

1. 1: A meeting

Author's Note:

This is where I'll dump all my shit bc I LOVE STAN
AND BILL THEY R MY OTP OKYYYYY

:)))

Stan was, undoubtedly, not someone easily impressed. Granted, he hung out with easily the weirdest kids on the planet, but still. Nothing really seemed to catch his attention. Even now, as Richie and Eddie argue about if boobs truly felt like water balloons or if they feel like melons, it didn't phase Stan anymore. He'd simply roll his eyes, and keep walking. Once again, nothing has ever really made him stop in his tracks.

So, when the new kid stepped into his classroom, boy was Stanley in for a surprise.

This... this kid seemed to make everything stop for Stan. It was... it... it was magical. Their eyes met from across the room and oh did that make Stan's breath just disappear. Mouth agape, he didn't even realize the boy was walking towards him. Oh, what nice hair he had. Soft brown locks that angled slightly to the rig-

"-llo? H-huh... hello?" A hand waved in front of his face, and took Stan a good minute to realize that it was his hand waving before him.

"U-uh, oh uhm... what?" A blush crept up his neck, and he willed himself not to look too embarrassed.

"I-I said is s..s... someone sitting here?" The kid pointed to the seat next to him, and, albeit eagerly, Stan shook his head. "I-I'm Bill. Bill Denbrough." Bill held his hand out.

"S-Stan Uris." He took Bill's hand in his own, feeling Bill's fingers against his now burning ones. "You're new here?" Bill nodded, smiling faintly. He was about to say something else, before the teacher began speaking and interrupted their rather awkward

conversation.

.....

After school, Stan led Bill to their so called 'club', which consisted of three people; himself, Eddie and Richie. Not the most impressive group of kids, but for Stan, it was good enough. Just as he'd hoped, Bill adapted easily. Him and Eddie hit it off right away, and it was like two old friends reuniting. Richie on the other hand...

"So yeah, I've basically fucked every girl in the school." Stan rolled his eyes again, while Eddie sputtered in distress.

"Sh-shut up, dip shit. Everyone knows that not even the lunch lady would touch you." Eddie shot back, only to get tripped into the mud by none other than Richie himself. Bill chuckled, while Stan huffed in annoyance. And, yeah, he was frowning, but as soon as he caught sight on Bill's absolutely adorable grin he wore on his face, he couldn't help but crack a smile no matter how much he wanted to keep his nonchalant facade on his face.

And from then on, Stan knew. Knew he had it bad. The grin, the hair, just... Bill in general. It was too much. He'd never make it past January before he screwed himself over. And, yeah, maybe it was a little early to say he'd fallen in love but...

Who's to say he couldn't dream?

2. AnOTHER meeting

Summary for the Chapter:

Bill likes walking by the stream and finding junk, when he suddenly comes across something that isn't junk but actually a boy.(spoiler: its stan ;;))

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm back !!! hello !!!
for this chapter, I used a creative 3 word random generator
My words were Stream, Junk and Puppet !
for future reference I will most likely be using the generator more often than not !!

Bill enjoyed sitting by the stream. He lay for hours on end, listen to the crisp sounds of leaves trembling, to the soft trickle of the water that gushed below his feet. Sometimes, he'd hum to himself. He'd whistle to birds that sang just above him, and laugh at the occasional butterfly that landed on his old muddy sneaker.

Once in awhile, a piece of old floating junk would be floating along in the stream. If it were close enough to shore, Bill would pluck it from the water and examine it. It was usually useless, and consisted of shoes, old rags and scraps of metal. Once, though, he found an entire backpack. It was unfortunately too far from the shore for him to grab and look through, but there it was, just... floating. Other than that there never was much.

Today though, it seemed Billy was in for a hell of a surprise. As he wandered the rocky path that ran along the water looking for shards of glass for his and Georgie's collection, a loud gurgling noise erupted from the stream beside him.

Panicked, Bill looked around for the source of the noise. Part of him hoped it was an animal, or maybe even a kid running along the grass, but no. Of course not. Because from where he was standing, there was a kid about his age clawing at the mud, desperately trying to get a

grip.

“H-Help!” He shrieked, before choking on the water that was beginning to sweep him from shore. Acting fast, Bill ran to his aid, almost slipping on a rock but recovering quickly and grabbing the boy’s arm to pull him out.

Now, Eddie has warned him multiple times about talking to strangers. Told him about diseases, creeps, andd literally everything else. But the one thing his small friend had told him over and over again was to never trust anyone with blood anywhere on their body, and to especially never touch it. He’d explained how STD’s could be spread, how the person could be a murderer, and other reasons that to Bill seemed like bullshit.

Besides, this stranger was a kid. Plus, he was obviously hurt, and who was Bill if he didn’t help him out? But, as the boy was pulled from the water and sat on the grass, Bill could really see how bad his wounds were.

There was, for starters, a long cut that ran from his forehead to his eyebrow, which Bill immedietly recognized was from a knife. Nothing else could form such a perfect slice. Looking lower, the kid’s shirt was torn, and the sleeves must have been ripped off becuase just beneath the cloth was a large ‘H.B.’ carved and bleeding in his skin. Bill cringed at the sight, but continued investigating.

There were much smaller scratches along his legs, most likely from the stream, which contained stray rocks and sticks. There were nail marks that lined his left arm, most likely fro trying to keep the kid from running, but other than that Bill didn’t see much else.

“A-a-a-are y-you okay?” Bill asked softly, already knowing the answer. The kid shook his head, clearly exhausted, and suddenly became a puppet that’s strings got cut and fell against Bill. His breathing was labored, and his whole body shook.

“Th-thank you,” The boy murmured, voice hoarse most likely from yelling. Bill nodded, and moved so the kid’s head sat in his lap. “I’m Stan.”

“B-B-Bill.” Stan smiled softly, but his grin stay for long. In an instaant, he was crying softly against Bill’s legs. Bill bit his lip and, albeit hestitaintly, ran his hand through Stan’s wet curls. Both said nothing for awhile, and simply appreciated each other’s presence.

...

“It was H-Henry, w-w-wasn’t it?” Bill asked about an hour later. Stan nodded against his legs. He had stopped crying awhile ago, but was too tired to move, but too restless to sleep. “F-f-ffffucker.” Stan chuckled quietly at Bill’s annoyance, and finally lifted himself off the ground. Now that Bill could see the other’s face, his wounds and the overall damage was even more apperent. He sucked in a breath, not only at the blood that was almost on every inch of Stan’s body, but also at how attractive that other actually was.

Behind the dried blood and red puffy eyes and nose, Stan was rather cute. Bill felt blood rush to his cheeks, and looked away, anywhere but Stan. Don’t catch feelings you big idio-

Stan rest his head against Bill’s shoulder, and let out what was supposed to be a sigh but sounded more like a sob. Bill looked at the boy sadly, and gripped his still damp cold fingers in his much warmer ones and squeezed. When he felt a, weak, squeeze in return, he smiled. Placing a soft kiss to the other’s head of curls, Bill felt Stan fall asleep beside him. It was in that moment Bill realized how much he really cared about the other, maybe even more than platonic.

But, for now, that was his little secret. After all, he needed to take it one step at a time.

3. First kiss

Summary for the Chapter:

The two study

Notes for the Chapter:

Prompt words used: Pumpkin, snack, grade

LMAO DOUBLE UPDATE WOOO IM ON A ROLL

also my ao3 is acting weird and when I update its all weird and shows up as if I updated earlier than I did
???? its confusing ???

anyway enjoy !!!

I listened to Girls Just Want To Have Fun while writing this !!!

Fall break seemed to be getting closer and closer, and everyday Stan felt himself become more and more anxious to get away from school. It wasn't that he disliked school, no... that wasn't it. It was just the fact that he was so *tired*. It didn't help that Richie was constantly egging him on about the same old bullshit. Not to mention how sickeningly *cute* Eddie and Richie were, always touching and constantly together.

In all honesty, Stan didn't mind the two. No, not at all. It just felt like they were mocking him since he had been pining over Bill Denbrough ever since they met each other. Every time he'd smile, Stanley couldn't help the butterflies that'd erupt from his stomach. And *oh his stutter*. It was like music to his ears.

Sighing, Stan shook his head. He really shouldn't be thinking this while he was, in fact, on the way to Bill's. Instead, he focused on the crunch of leaves. On the soft breeze that ruffled his curls, and the how every corner he turned or any street he walked down had at *least* a dozen **pumpkins** scattered throughout the houses. Although Halloween had ended, people weren't giving up on their already rotted jack o' lanterns just yet.

He didn't even bother to knock on the Denbrough's door, since he comes at least three times a week. Bill's Parents were nowhere in sight, so Stan went up the stairs and through the hall to Bill's room. On his way there, he saw Georgie, Bill's little brother, through the crack of the door to his room playing with Legos. He smiled to himself at the young boy, almost stopping to say hi, but kept walking.

Bill was laying on his bed, back against the sheets and book raised high above his head with his arms outstretched. Stan raised an eyebrow, a smirk tugging at his lips when the two made eye contact.

"S-S-Stan the m-man!" Bill welcomed, smile causing Stan to melt a little. "Ready t-to st-st-study?"

They spread out their notes on the upcoming history test they had the next week and got to work. Stan had brought flashcards, while Bill used the method of writing out questions and quizzing the other. It was going rather smoothly, until Georgie burst into their room and began ruining their whole groove.

"Stan!" He yelled, tackling Stan with a hug. Stanley chuckled and returned the gesture. He didn't even notice Bill crawling over until his arms wrapped around the both of them and squeezed. It was a simple exchange, and yet Stan felt higher than he's ever been.

About an hour passed of them trying to get back into studying, but they gave up and went downstairs for a **snack**.

...

After dinner, which consisted of pizza and root beer, the three put on a movie and settled in. Georgie sat on Stan's lap, while Bill was lying beside the two. It was about an hour in when Georgie became restless and was squirming and itching to move.

"What's got you so squirmish?" Stan joked, stroking the boy's short hair. Georgie bit his lip, as if unsure to answer the question.

"I have a secret to tell you." Georgie whispered, looking at Bill whose full attention was directed towards the movie. Stanley raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued and urging Georgie to keep talking. He twiddled his thumbs a bit, looked at his brother once more, before giving up and leaning in beside his ear. "Billy likes you."

Stunned speechless, Stan's eyebrows raised. He... he heard that wrong, right? Besides, Georgie was only seven, how much did he know-

"W-what are you t-t-two doing?" Bill asked, not watching the movie any longer.

Georgie shrugged, “Just telling Stanny how much you *love him*.”

...

“G-god Stan, I’m s-s-sorry, G-G-Georgie’s an i-id-idiot.” Bill apologized *again*, and only made Stan worse. He really, *really* wanted it to be true, and part of him wanted to find out if Bill was only embarrassed because he really *did* like Stan, not because of the idea and liking him. Bill climbed on the bed beside Stanley, cheeks still flushed. He opened his mouth, as if to say more, but closed it, much to Stan’s dismay. “i-i-it’s n-not tr-”

And, yeah, Stan knew what Bill was about to say. He’d repeated himself around twenty times, and Stan didn’t want to hear it any longer. And so, decidedly, he’d shut him up. What better way to do that than to kiss him?

Stan’s lips crashed into Bill’s stunned ones, albeit clumsily, but still a kiss. He felt Bill freeze beside him, but, like wax, melted under his touch and placed a hand against Stan’s thigh. And *finally*, Bill kissed back. *Finally*, they were *really kissing*, and it felt *wonderful*. Bill’s hands tangled into Stan’s soft locks, grabbing and pulling but not too hard, but not too soft either. Stan gasped at the feeling, and wanted to keep going but stopped in fear of not getting enough oxygen.

Both boys were out of breath, cheeks flushed and eyes glossy. Stan’s hair was disheveled, and Bill wasn’t quite as put together as usual.

There was a shared silence, and a rather long period of time where the two just gazed into each other’s eyes. If this was what kissing was

like, Stanley never wanted to stop.

“I... it... it was true...” Bill said, flushing impossibly more.

“W-what?” Stan asked, confused.

“W-w-what G-Georgie said... it’s t-true..”

“Oh...” And suddenly, Stan burst into giggles. It was soft at first, but increased when Bill joined in. Stan wrapped an arm around the other, and pressed their foreheads together as they laughed.

“S-so much for st-st-studying,” Bill breathed.

“Kissing is more important than a **grade**.” Stan declared between laughs. Bill agreed, but didn’t say anything because by then, they were kissing once more.

4. Stenbrough tries baking

Summary for the Chapter:

The two nerds try to bake

Notes for the Chapter:

yeah its been awhile but school's been an ass and I cant take it anymore

have some softness and a splash of awkwardness(just a pinch!) to lighten ur day^^

be good my lovelies!

It had been a long day-

No, scratch that,

The day hadn't even ended yet and Bill felt like he was about to fall asleep. He groaned inwardly because *holy shit was his teacher boring*. She was still going over unit conversions since about half the class had forgotten almost everything they'd learned over the years during the summer. At least Bill had the decency to read her emails before college had started up again.

Checking the time for the seventh time that afternoon, Bill was relieved to see that class was almost over. He'd finally be free from this hellhole for the day and be able to go home and see Stan.

The couple's schedules were never kind to them. Bill had late classes and Stan had to be out the door by 8 am. The two had been rather upset, especially Bill who was about to drop out of school just to be able to spend a little more time with his boyfriend. But, thanks to some persuasion done by none other than Eddie Kaspbrak himself, Bill decided against it.

His eyes had begun to close and he felt his breathing begin to become

shallow when the bell rang and his brain began working once more. *Finally*, he thought, *i can leave*.

**

Once he was back to their shared apartment, Bill practically kicked the door open and threw his bag on the couch with a huff. Although his eyes felt heavy and his limbs were about to give up from beneath him, he forced himself into the kitchen where he could hear Stan busying himself.

Bill's eyes shot open and he almost called the cops because for once after all the years he'd been with Stan, a room in their apartment was messy. Not only that, but Stanley didn't seem to care. Bill opened and closed his mouth a couple times, his voice lost after the sudden shock he was currently feeling. He was frozen in place while his boyfriend hummed good naturedly.

"S-suh-Stan?" Bill croaked. The slightly shorter boy looked up from the presumably batter he was mixing and gave him boyfriend a toothy grin.

"Hey babe." He threw a few chocolate chips into whatever the hell he was making and resumed stirring the bowl's contents. His hips swung side to side very slightly and his nose had a dot of flour right on the tip of it, but damn if it wasn't the cutest thing Bill had ever seen. Sensing Bill's silence, Stanley turning and raised an eyebrow, "Everything okay?"

"I-I... uh, y-yeah..." Bill bit his lip and slowly relaxed. "You've b-been busy." Stan chuckled softly and nodded his head.

"Yeah, lady who works the kitchen at the diner gave me a few cookie recipes today. Decided I'd try them out for fun, y'know?" Bill nodded. "Anyway, the first batch of sugar cookies should be finished, mind getting them out for me?"

After taking the cookies out of the oven, which smelled heavenly by the way, Stan had Bill roll out the shortbread cookies and begin making the icing for those. While they were waiting for those to bake, Bill snuck from behind Stan and wrapped his arms around the

shorter man's waist. He buried his nose in the other's curls and breathed deep, taking in his lavender scent which was now masked by the smell of baking cookies.

Stan chuckled as he spooned chocolate chip cookie dough onto the pan. Bill gripped his hip and gave a soft but firm squeeze which made Stanley squeak. The latter blushed and playfully pushed his boyfriend away.

"You're making me mess up." Stan chided. Bill rolled his eyes, snatching the spoon from Stan's hands making the boy yelp in protest. "Hey!"

What was supposed to be most likely seductive turned out to look rather silly as Bill licked the dough from the spoon. Although he felt like an idiot doing it, he took pleasure in watching his boyfriend squirm and blush as he tried not to focus on Bill's mouth.

"You're gonna get salmonella you big goof." Stanley said as he made a grab for the spoon. Bill laughed and, in a moment of weakness, let out a snort which only made Stan blush harder.

"Y-yuh-you're adorable w-when you blush." Bill cooed and got a hiss in return.

"Sh-shut up." Stan said grumpily. Bill chuckled and thumbed at the bit of dough that must've splattered on Stan's cheek. And of *course* he had to lick that off his thumb as if the situation wasn't weird enough. "You're so gross."

"You l-luh-love it." Bill said, and cut the other off with a soft kiss to the lips.

Okay, maybe Stanley did kinda love it a little bit...

Notes for the Chapter:

DONT FORGET TO REQUEST !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!1

5. Stan tries makeup (and ends okay)

Summary for the Chapter:

Stanley tries makeup

Notes for the Chapter:

hi ! hello! how is everyone !!!1! hope yall r okay! its been a little while, yeah?

anyway, whO IS EXCITED FOR STRANGER THINGS SEASON TWO CAUSE I KNO IM TURNT AS HELL

I'm going to powerhouse that day lol

enjoy everyone and stay safe!

It was a secret he'd kept for years. Ever since his dad had walked in on him in the act, he never had the courage to try it again. The embarrassment, hurt, and overall sadness was far too much to bare, and lord knows he couldn't go through that once more.

And yet here he was, in his and Bill's shared bathroom, surrounded by an assortment of makeup that Bev had left here on accident the last time she stayed over. Staring at the lipstick made his cheek hurt. The memory was far too vivid for his liking, and images flashed before him; His dad smacking him, *hard*, across the cheek. It wasn't *awful*, but it stung worse because it was his dad. And oh dear the words that had spouted from his mouth replay over and over inside his head.

Why are you like this?

What is wrong with you?

Fucking Pansy...

Fag!

He cringed, and soon enough Stan found himself holding back tears and squeezing his eyes shut. *Stop thinking about it, stop it, just stop.*

When he reopened his eyes, they landed almost immediately on the mascara. It was the same brand as last time, and he knew all too well it sure as hell wasn't water proof.

Tracks of mascara run down his cheeks and tears roll endlessly from his eyes. Stanley vaguely notices his dad, the fear in his eyes... Or was that anger? Maybe both...

*He's screaming at him. Full on shouting in his face, squeezing his forearms so tight Stan knows it would leave purple bruises in the morning. He's crying, sobbing in front of his father. He's scared, tries pushing him away, tries to take even breaths but he just **can't**. Not with his father hurling questions at him and-*

Oh god he's going to hurl. Oh dear god he's going to-

Stan places a hand on the counter, gripping it tightly so his knuckles were an off white. He grit his teeth and urged himself not to have a panic attack. Not when his parents were gone and he has a chance to finally see what he'll look like with makeup. Taking a steadying breath, he reaches for the simplest thing he could find.

Holding the small container of blush more tightly than necessary, trying the best he could to ignore the way his hands were trembling, he grabbed the brush and began applying it.

To his amazement, once he started, it seemed extremely easy to keep going. Three strokes of the brush against his left cheek, and it seemed that was all it took. He did the same with his right, and suddenly Stan had a newfound confidence in himself.

He hesitated on using eyeliner, and instead made a grab for the eye shadow. Choosing to use a color that wasn't so... bright, Stan decided on a glimmery copper shade. It took two swipes across his lid to do the job, and he stared in awe at how... *beautiful* it- no, *he looked*. Stan could feel himself grow teary eyed again, but refused to mess up his makeup from crying. Not again.

With some difficulty, he managed to do a half bad job with his mascara. Clumpy, yes, but it was still *there*. It still gave the effect Stan craved, and soon found himself wanting more. Unfortunately for him, he was so entranced by his makeup, that he didn't hear the door to his and Bill's apartment open and close.

He had been in the middle of swiping a layer of light pink lipstick across his plump lips, when the door to the bathroom opened and Stan was immediately snapped from his trance because that fucking sound was way too familiar.

There stood Bill, now shocked; Not mad, but simply surprised. His hand still lightly rested on the door knob, and it was like he was frozen in place, taking in the sight. Bill's mouth opened, closed, then opened again as if trying to form words. Stan felt his eyes water, and a blush creep up his neck. Finally, he broke the silence.

"G-g-GET OUT!" Stan yelled, biting his lip and feeling a tear slide down his cheek. Bill jumped, looking taken aback, but was pushed out of the bathroom and met with a door slammed in his face. Softly, he heard whimpers and sniffles on the other side of the door.

Stanley rest his back against the door, and slid down into a fetal position. His head rest between his knees, and quiet sobs ripped from his throat. He couldn't believe it, it happened *again*. And not only that, but he was caught by Bill of all people. Immediately the self hate and sadness began taking effect.

A soft tap against the door made him flinch slightly. He brought his face up from between his knees and used his shirt sleeve to wipe angrily at his tears.

"S-St-Stan?" Bill. "I-I... I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry."

Sorry? Why was he sorry? Shouldn't Stan be the one apologizing? He bit his lip, remaining silent, but listening.

"I t-think you look p-puh-pretty."

Huh. That was new. He's been called handsome. Smart, hot, but never pretty.

But oh god did that word give him a shiver.

“Y-you think i’m weird, don’t you?” Stan murmured.

“N-NO! Not at all.” Bill said, “Q-qw-quite the opposite actually...”

After that, Bill fell silent, as well as Stan. They simply sat there, knowing the other was beside them, but not really. Stanley could make out Bill’s soft breathing, could hear him tapping the floor with his fingers as he awaited a response.

Finally, Stan stood and opened the door. His makeup was ruined again, his nose was red and his eyes were puffy. But he found himself not caring. Bill jumped to his feet as well, and wrapped Stan in a hesitant hug. Stanley’s shoulders shook every once in awhile, sobs still escaping him but not crying. His cheek rested against Bill’s shoulder, and his warm breath ghosted along his neck.

“ *It’s okay, I promise it’s okay.*” Bill whispered. Stan nodded, and sighed.

At least this time it didn’t end with a panic attack, he thought.

At least this time turned out to be okay.

Notes for the Chapter:

I listened to Tyler Joseph's Drown while writing this!

Author's Note:

Yell at me on tumblr: @ham-is-gr8

Don’t forget to request !!